

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

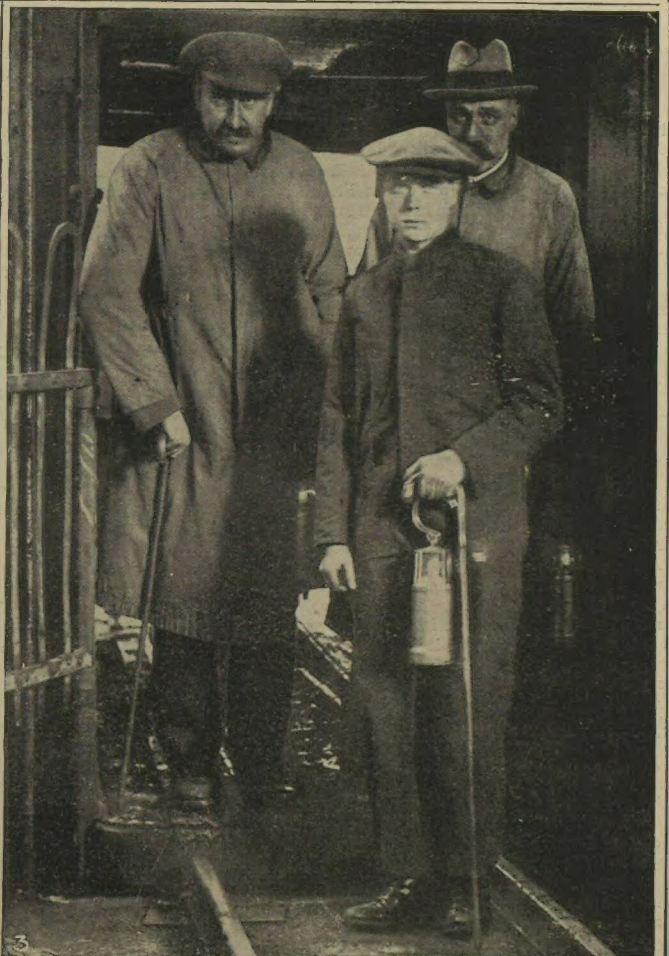
REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM, AND TO CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND BY MAGAZINE POST

No. 4115.—VOL. CLII.

SATURDAY, MARCH 2, 1918.

NINEPENCE.

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THE PRINCE OF WALES IN MINING GARB DURING HIS WESTERN TOUR: (1 AND 2) IN A CORNISH WOLFRAM QUARRY; (3) AT THE VICTORIA COAL-MINE, SOUTH WALES.

During his recent tour in the West, the Prince of Wales visited some Welsh and Cornish mines. On February 21 he descended the Victoria coal-mine, in South Wales, dressed in brown overalls and cap, going down a shaft nearly 600 feet deep. Messages of welcome had been chalked on coal-trams and the coal itself. He cut away a piece of steam coal

with a pick to keep as a memento. On the 23rd, in Cornwall, he visited Callington and Gunnislake wolfram and tin mines. At the Kit Hill mine he donned overalls and a miner's hat with a candle stuck in the front of it, and entered an underground cutting. He talked with the miners, and himself wielded a sledge-hammer used in drilling for ore.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SPORT AND GENERAL, AND ALFIERI.

DOVER STRAITS: WHAT THE WATERS HIDE.

By ARCHIBALD HURD.

AT the beginning of last century, when the name of Napoleon was on the lips of nurses to frighten naughty children, Nelson was given command of the "Squadron on a Particular Service," which was the way in which the Admiralty concealed the fact that this officer was charged with the defence of England against invasion, his station the Downs. Napoleon's preparations were the terror of England.

In these days there is a tendency to underestimate the importance of this station, and to ignore the difficulties with which the Dover Patrol has to contend. In the last century we never obtained absolute command of the Channel; swift enemy ships were always active, in spite of the measures which our seamen concerted with fine resource and courage. The steam-engine had not made its appearance to assist an enemy's raiding policy; Fulton's dream of the submarine was nothing more than a dream; the mine, as we know it to-day, had not been developed as a constant menace to the forces charged with keeping open the sea communications of an island Power; there were no aircraft to enable the enemy to oversee our operations. Every condition has since changed, except one. The enemy does not possess the French coast; but he has well-defended Belgian ports as bases of operations. And for the rest, consider the position. On the one hand, the Germans are able to use destroyers with a speed of over thirty knots; automobile motor-boats, with high-explosive charges, operated from the shore; well-armed sub-

marines; and other submarines, carrying mines, which move stealthily below the surface and drop their devil's eggs in the pathways of British men-of-war and merchant ships. Before the Germans had established themselves on the Belgian coast, this country had given hostages to fortune, by despatching troops to France. Thousands of officers and men pass to and fro, and vast quantities of supplies are sent from this country every twenty-four hours. In addition, the Dover Patrol has to shepherd a great volume of merchant shipping passing up and down the Channel. We offer to the enemy large and varied targets; and he has the advantage of initiative, speed, and, above all, darkness in carrying out raids. It is never known when destroyers or submarines will be sent forth, nor what their exact objectives will be; and all the time the Dover Patrol has to be at sea fighting the elements and protecting the barrage which, as the Germans know, reinforces the activities of our small craft.

If an incident occurs, such as the recent raid on the drifters hunting for a submarine, the whole world learns of it within a few hours. Nothing is known of the other side of the ledger. When Nelson was holding his station in the Downs, he wrote of the "great preparations at Ostend," Augereau, afterwards the Marshal of France, being in command of that part of the Army. "I hope," Nelson added, "to let him feel the bottom of the Goodwin Sands." In these days we should have a very different appreciation of the work of the Dover Patrol if we could see the bottom

of the Straits of Dover. This channel, with a width of a little over twenty miles, has become the gateway of civilisation. The enemy has been endeavouring to break through it for over three-and-a-half years—to surprise our watch and ward. If some instrument could be invented to enable us to look through the water to the bed of the Channel between the English coast and the opposite shore, we should obtain a better-balanced picture of the events in this theatre of war since the opening of the struggle. We have knowledge of all the enemy's successes and partial successes; but the swift-running waters conceal from view the wrecked material and lifeless bodies which tell the story of his failures. One of the most tantalising features of the present situation at sea is that so much is necessarily hidden from view owing to the advent of the submarine and the mine, and the character of the offensive and defensive measures which our Navy has developed. If the barrage in the Straits could talk, and if every depth-charge which is dropped could signal back to the surface the injury inflicted on the foe, less importance would be attached to occasional raids. But, in the absence of such evidence, the proof of the success with which the Dover Straits are guarded is to be found in the millions of men holding the line in France and Belgium, supplied from day to day with all they require—big guns and small, munitions in confusing variety, food, clothing, and all the hundred-and-one things which offer some compensation for the discomfort of life in the trenches.

THE RUSSIAN ANARCHY: ORIGIN OF LENINISM.

By E. B. OSBORN.

REVOLUTIONARY ideas were first brought to Russia by officers who had served in the campaigns of 1813 and 1814, in which, by the way, the efficiency of Napoleon's armies was impaired by several "war strikes" on a small scale. Accordingly, many Frenchmen believed that the Russian Revolution was really a posthumous child of the French Revolution, and that it would develop in much the same way (only more rapidly), at once strengthening the moral of the Russian Army with new spiritual ardours, and eventually producing a master-mind—a second Napoleon, perhaps—capable of handling vast masses of men in the grand style. Yet, even if Kerensky had been a Danton, the odds are that he would have failed, though there had then been nothing inglorious in his failure. For the keen sense of nationality which inspired Revolutionary France was utterly lacking in Russia; and it was not the spirit of the French Revolution, but that of the Paris Commune, which was working in the herd-mind of the Russian proletariat. And even the ideas of the French Communards were antiquated and ineffectual in the opinion of Lenin's disciples, whose philosophy of social (not political) revolution combines the tenets of the German "Zimmerwaldians," the reddest of all Red Socialists, with the mystical Anarchism of such Russian sects as the Doukhoborts and the Jesuitical belief (which is also an axiom of Prussian statecraft) that the end always sanctifies the means.

Lenin is a member of a noble Russian family which has always been in sympathy with revolution-

ary movements. It is absurd, of course, to regard him as an *agent provocateur* engaged in wrecking the Russian polity for German pay. No diagnosis of the highly contagious disease which he has introduced into Russia is scientifically complete if it ignores the man's deadly earnestness. He is as indefatigable and incorruptible in the execution of what he considers his duty to mankind as was Robespierre, that disastrous ideologue. Years ago I talked with a friend of his in Chicago, where a sort of international clearing-house for Anarchist ideas has always existed, and was told that he was by far the greatest individual force in German revolutionary circles. When in Germany he was most at home with the extreme extremists—Zimmerwald, Kienthal, Henke, Mehring, Rosa Luxemburg, and the others who are a minority even among the Minority Socialists. But, as my Chicago friend assured me, he was too big and original a nature to reflect the doctrines of any particular reader or group, and was in the habit of saying that the revolutionary movements must start again with the principles laid down by Max Stirner, if they wished to create a new world, and a new mankind to live in it. Nothing permanent could ever be effected, until the soul of man had been stripped of all its old servitudes, and also of the habit of making new tyrannies for itself.

Max Stirner's "*Der Einzige und sein Eigentum*" is one of the most difficult books of philosophy in existence. But the non-moral moral of it all may be expressed in the brief sentence: I am It; meaning that nothing which limits individuality in any way

must be allowed to exist a moment longer than is necessary. There must be no more gods. There must be no more patriotism, because the feeling that one belongs to a nation cuts into the self-sufficiency of self. For the same reason the sense of moral obligation must be destroyed, for considerations of good and evil, right and wrong, hamper the easy expression of personality. Property, of course, is worse than theft. A man thinks he owns property; really it owns him. And so on, and so forth; in Max Stirner's philosophy we have the purest Anarchism, the full and complete revolt against all forms of control.

It is this theory of progress which Lenin, sitting spider-like in a net of shaken circumstance, is working out in Russia. The Bolshevik *Prihaze* No. 1, which was carried by Lenin's own men, Stielkoff and Sokolof, completed the destruction of the Russian Army. Religion, Law, Morality, Learning have all been officially abolished. The Moujik, who is less troubled by ideas than any other type of Russian, is to be sole master until all desire of mastery vanishes from the world. The brain, that dangerous factory of ideas, is to be subject to the horny hand; that is why scullery-maids and floor-sweepers are in command of colleges for women and famous medical schools. Society is to be abolished; the instinct of gregariousness is to be clean-rooted out of man's mind. It will last, perhaps, until Lenin dangles from his destined lamp-post. Meanwhile Max Stirner must be chuckling umbilically, in his unknown grave, at having at last scored a point against Nietzsche.

A WORD FOR THE GOAT.

By S. L. BENSUSAN.

IN view of the advantages accorded to domestic food-producers under the ration scheme, there is a fresh incentive to the keeping of goats, as well as other animals. Goat's-milk butter or cheese is included in the "domestic produce" of which the producers are allowed, in certain circumstances, to consume more than their rations. Now that the spring is upon us there will be the usual increase in the number of goats that this country holds, and it is of great national importance that the stock should be most carefully preserved. The goat has not come to its own in this country, though in the past few months the Board of Agriculture has taken the first steps towards obtaining a return of the numbers on farms. There is a British Goat Society, and Mr. Holmes Pegler, the secretary, has written the best book in the language on the subject of goats; but the small farmer, the small holder, and the cottager do not keep goats to the extent that the country requires. The milk of the goat has about two per cent. more butter fat and two per cent. more solids than cow's milk; the goat is free from tubercle; and goat's milk makes an excellent butter if it is carefully handled—to say nothing of a really admirable cheese. On the Continent there are half-a-dozen different goat-milk cheeses, but the writer's personal experience as far as England is concerned is limited to the simple kind that is made in his own home. Many people imagine that goats, if they are to thrive, must be kept on grass; but Mr. Pegler has pointed out that the stall-fed goat is generally healthier than the grazing goat, and less

liable to certain diseases that remain incurable. There are several breeds of goat, the Angora making the best meat; but many nondescripts, apart from their food value, will respond to careful feeding, clean quarters, and reasonable care by yielding a quart of milk daily for half the year and a pint daily for two or three months after that. High-class animals—Anglo-Nubians, Anglo-Toggenburgs, and some of the pure breeds—will give as much as a gallon a day when in full milk; but in the writer's experience these require more attention than they are generally likely to receive. At the present price of feeding stuffs, a stall-fed goat should not cost more than eighteenpence a week to maintain in good condition; while, where there is grazing and a sufficiency of varied green food, the cost is less than half this moderate amount. It is unfortunate that there are very many worthless milch-goats for sale, and the beginner is bound to pay for his experience; but those who intend to buy would be well advised to have the animal they select examined by a veterinary surgeon, to whom the age will be revealed by the development of the teeth and the general state of health by other means that need not be specified here. Cleanliness, a good supply of water—soft for choice, and constantly renewed—a little rock-salt, regular grooming, and frequent change of food will keep most goats in health; and they are omnivorous feeders. At the time of writing my goats are having hay, mangolds, carrots, acorns, and bran; while on every fine day they are put out to graze, on a tether, for three or four hours.

The doe should not be allowed to kid until she is well advanced in her second year, and may then remain productive in every sense for a further ten years, even on the comparatively cold and heavy lands of the southern and eastern counties that are not naturally suited to the requirements of the animal.

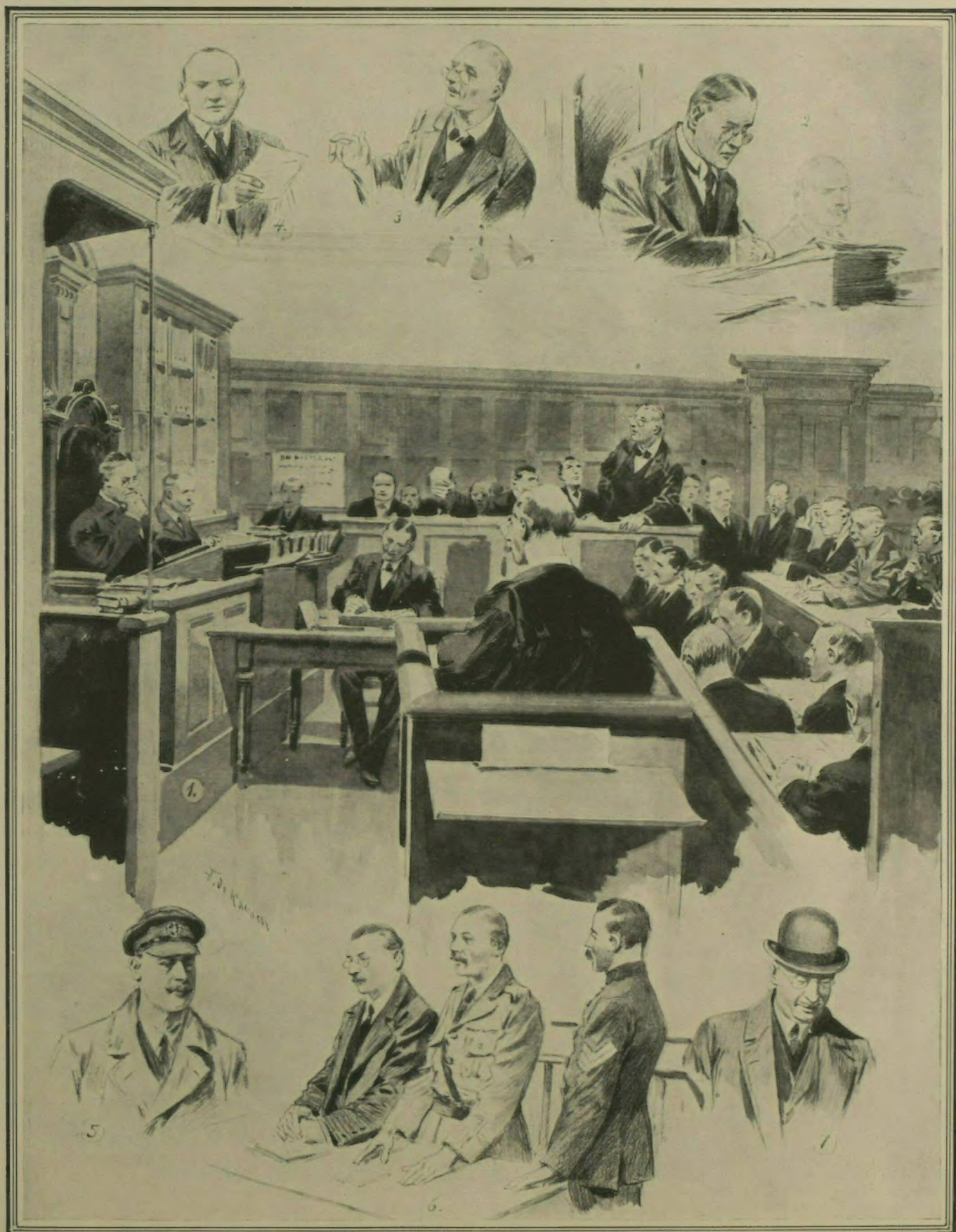
A good buck kept for stud can be readily trained to draw a small cart and be very useful in the garden, provided he is kept under control, and he is all the better for a certain amount of work.

The one objection to goats is the havoc they will work on trees and choice vegetation if allowed to run loose. Be this as it may, we can control the more vicious propensities of the animal; and of its value to mankind there can be no question. A good milch-goat has a long head and a long body, wider in the hind quarters than in front; its hair is generally fine rather than coarse; and, though its market value is the greater if it comes of a good milking strain, many of the nondescripts are worth keeping. Delicate babies and little children can often be made strong by being fed on goat's milk; and in tea and coffee few people can tell the difference between goat's and cow's milk, though they will find the former rather richer. Only when the goat is going off milk is there a characteristic and sometimes unpleasant flavour.

In times like this every county should have its goat-keeping association—if possible, under the auspices of the British Goat Society—and in a very few years we should have a most valuable addition both to the milk and the meat supply of these islands.

A D.O.R.A. CASE: THE "MORNING POST" AT BOW STREET.

DRAWN BY F. DE HAENEN.



1. IN COURT: A VIEW DURING COUNSEL'S ADDRESS.
2. THE PRESIDING MAGISTRATE: SIR JOHN DICKINSON.
3. LEADING COUNSEL FOR THE DEFENDANTS: MR. E. TINDAL ATKINSON, K.C.

4. LEADING COUNSEL FOR THE CROWN: SIR GORDON HEWART, K.C., SOLICITOR-GENERAL.
5. THE PRINCIPAL DEFENDANT ARRIVING AT BOW STREET: LIEUT.-COLONEL REPINGTON, C.M.G.

6. STANDING TO HEAR THE JUDGMENT: COL. REPINGTON; AND MR. H. A. GWYNNE, EDITOR OF THE "MORNING POST" (LEFT).
7. AFTER JUDGMENT: MR. GWYNNE LEAVING THE COURT.

The hearing of the case against Lieut.-Colonel Charles A-Court Repington, C.M.G., and Mr. Howell Arthur Gwynne, Editor of the "Morning Post," in connection with an article on the Versailles Council contributed to the "Morning Post" by Colonel Repington as Military Correspondent of the paper, took place at Bow Street on February 16 and 21.

The article, it was contended, contravened the regulations of the Defence of the Realm Act and the Press Censorship. On the second day of the trial the magistrate found against the defendants, who were fined, respectively—Colonel Repington, £100 and 40 guineas costs; Mr. Gwynne, £100 and 50 guineas costs.—[Drawings Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

THE PRINCE OF WALES WITH HIS OWN PEOPLE: IN SOUTH WALES.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ALFIERI.



AT THE CURRAN WORKS, CARDIFF: THE PRINCE OF WALES WATCHING MUNITION-MAKERS.



WITH HIS HOST AND HOSTESS: (L. TO R.) THE PRINCE, LADY AND LORD BUTE.



TALKING TO AN EX-GUARDSMAN: THE PRINCE AT THE PORT TALBOT STEEL WORKS.



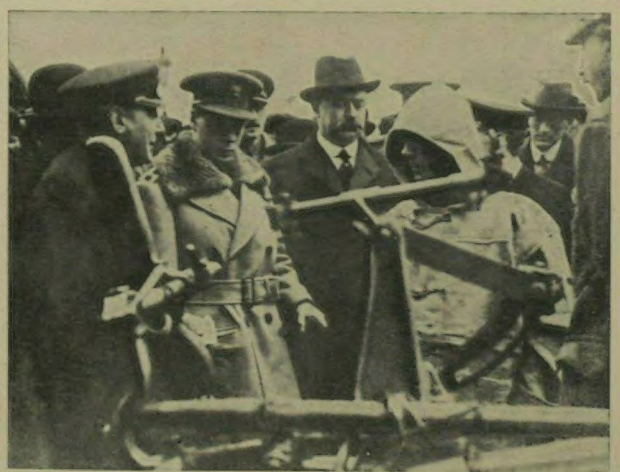
NURSES FORMING A GUARD OF HONOUR: THE PRINCE AT THE EBBW VALE RED CROSS HOSPITAL.



AT THE CURRAN WORKS: THE PRINCE INSPECTS DISCHARGED SOLDIERS EMPLOYED ON MUNITIONS.



THE PRINCE IN THE ROYAL HAMADRYAD SEAMEN'S HOSPITAL: AT THE BEDSIDE OF A WOUNDED MAN.



THE VISIT TO THE DOWLAIS STEEL WORKS AND CARDIFF DOCKS: TALKING TO ONE OF THE CREW OF A TORPEDOED SHIP.

The Prince of Wales began his tour in South Wales on February 20, at Port Talbot, where he visited the great steel-works. Among the employees there was an ex-Guardsman who recalled that he had been on duty at the White Lodge on the night of the Prince's birth. From Port Talbot his Royal Highness went on to Cardiff, where he opened the hospital named after him, as illustrated on the opposite page, and visited various works, as well as the docks, and the Coal and Shipping Exchanges. Later he proceeded to

Ebbw Vale and inspected the Dowlais Steel Works, after which he went down the Victoria coal-mine, wearing miner's garb, as shown in the photograph on our front page. Wherever he went the Prince received a hearty welcome. During his visit to South Wales he stayed with the Marquess and Marchioness of Bute at Cardiff Castle. Later he went on to Cornwall to see the estates of his Duchy there. The kindly manner of the Prince, and his very obvious interest in all he saw, were much appreciated.

THE PRINCE OF WALES IN HIS OWN PRINCIPALITY: AT CARDIFF.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, S. BEGG.



OPENING "THE ROEHAMPTON OF SOUTH WALES," NAMED AFTER HIM: HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS ON THE BALCONY OF THE PRINCE OF WALES'S HOSPITAL, WITH THE LORD MAYOR OF CARDIFF.

The Prince of Wales visited Cardiff on the first day of his tour in South Wales, February 20, and while there he opened the new Prince of Wales's Hospital, where maimed soldiers are fitted with artificial limbs, as at Roehampton. Standing beside the Lord Mayor of Cardiff on a balcony of the hospital, his Royal Highness, as its patron, declared the building open, and was greeted with enthusiastic cheers by the people assembled below, who likewise sang "God Save the King" and "God Bless the Prince

of Wales." The Prince spent an hour or more at the hospital inspecting the work, and received a number of cheques bringing the total amount subscribed to £23,000, towards the proposed £100,000 endowment fund. The hospital was first suggested by Colonel J. Lynn Thomas, one of the senior consulting surgeons; and its inception was made possible by munificent gifts from Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Cadogan, Mr. and Mrs. Percy Miles, and others, including Lord Tredegar, who presented the freehold.—[Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

PRACTICAL events will probably soon develop for good or evil, under the influence of which we shall hear little more of a patronising Pacifism. There will be less talk of the need of treating Prussia with lenity—or with what I may venture to call leninity. Lenin himself has not been treated with much lenity or leninity by the Prussians themselves. The Prussians have treated him as it is their custom to treat whatever is weaponless; as they have treated numberless priests and women and babies; as they always treat the defenceless, from the first cripple cut down in the streets of Zabern to the last poor fisherman drowned in the neutral seas. In so large a company of the weaponless, we shall hardly select for special sympathy the fool who has thrown away his weapons. It is tragic and comic to think what would have happened if the world had taken the Bolsheviks at their word, as many people wished it to do. We also should have weakened ourselves, solely that Prussia might strengthen herself. We also should have discovered it too late. France would have surrendered Alsace, solely in order that Prussia's protégé should annex a whole slice of Poland. Our strikes would have excitedly spread, solely in order that the small German strikes might be swiftly and ruthlessly broken. But the moral of our past gossip and hesitation is of a more general sort, and still worthy to be kept in view.

The truth is, of course, that all this talk has been as illogical as that of a man who should deliberately get into the Scotch express and then complain that it was taking him to so wild and distant a place as Scotland. There is not a single plain reason for making peace that there was not originally for avoiding war. If the Prussian power was ever a menace, it is growing more menacing—towering in sheer terrorism over the broken populations of Eastern Europe. If the Prussian cruelty was ever a provocation, it has since the outbreak of war grown steadily more provocative. It has passed from the imprisonment of hostages to the enslavement of whole populations. It has passed from the sinking of our peaceful shipping to the sinking of all humanity's peaceful shipping. If thousands of very pacific people consented to fight because Prussia was a little too bad, I defy any one of them to name any point in which the bad has grown better—in which the bad has not, if anything, grown worse. All that remains to a reasonable man is to go on to the finish, or to regret that he ever began. The traveller in the train may make the best of Scotland when he gets there, or he may blame himself for taking a ticket for Scotland at all; but he must not blame the Scotch Express for being Scotch. He may curse himself for getting into the train. He may kill himself by getting out of the train. Both attitudes very accurately symbolise certain of the postures of the peacemongers. But he must not rail at Caledonia stern and wild merely for being stern and wild. And he must not rail at the world of war for being stern and wild, if he ever seriously regarded it, as the poet regarded

Caledonia, as a refuge of national liberty and a fortress of the free.

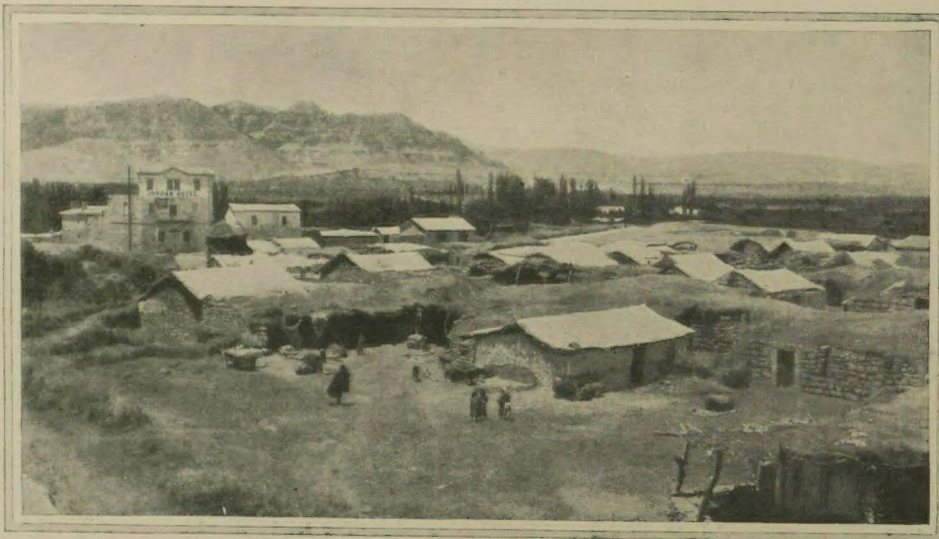
In the present fashion of fatigue, what the traveller in the train seems to do is to shut his eyes and imagine that the train is taking him to Monte Carlo, that centre of a humane and enlightened internationalism. By the way, I rather wonder that Monte Carlo has not been set up as a rival to the Hague or Stockholm or Brest. Anyhow, the allegorical traveller dreams of Monte Carlo while he is still going to Aberdeen; and I should not complain of this, if he would only dream it was a dream. I do not object to his looking out of the windows of the railway carriage, in an artistic and abstract spirit, and selecting a romantic lane up which he would like to ramble, or a quiet cottage in which he would be content to end his days. I can see no objection to his falling in love, for a reasonable time, with any young woman he may see standing at a station for an instant, as the express train flashes by. I can

finger of the Kaiser, so frequently pointed to heaven with an affecting solemnity, may have the same effect on some as the spire of the village church, and lead their thoughts "to where beyond these voices there is peace." I have not actually met any so affected, but they may exist, and they might be in this sense moved without being in any sense mad. They would only be mad if they forgot whither the train of battle was in fact leading them; but there seem to be not a few who are even in this condition. The tedium of the journey makes them not only sleep but dream, and gives them not only dreams but nightmares; it makes nonsense of their whole notion of where they are, and whither they are going. They are like men who should walk out of the carriage window, under the impression that they were walking up the charming woodland lane or walking into the quiet village church. They snatch at fugitive pictures and paragraphs in the papers, as if each promised an entirely new goal and purpose for the journey. But they ought to know perfectly well where the train is going.

I might be so flippant as to say it is going to Victoria, in the sense of going to victory. For in that sense this train is certainly going either to Victoria or going to smash.

Men may naturally talk in trenches just as men talk in trains. Soldiers doubtless curse the length of the war, as travellers curse the length of the journey. Men engaged in the war doubtless talk and think and read about anything else except the war; and in that sense they are all concerned about peace. If they see the remarkable features of Mr. Trotsky in an illustrated paper, and their taste approves the arrangement and expression of those features, they can express their admiration as warmly and as lyrically as they

like. Similarly, if they admire a speech by Mr. Trotsky, and think it clearly reasoned or finely expressed, they are perfectly entitled to say so, as they are entitled to admire a speech by Demosthenes or Disraeli. If they think that this or that pious utterance by the German Emperor or some other Lutheran pastor is sincere, they will say it is sincere, as they will say that a particular sunrise is beautiful or that a particular landscape is clear. It is conversation, like the conversation in a train. But the soldiers do not forget what sort of poisonous vapours may at any moment eclipse the sunrise and darken the landscape. They do not remain so entranced with Mr. Trotsky's literary style as not to hear the word of command; and even the spell of Mr. Trotsky's face seldom leads to complete oblivion about the rapid approach of a shell. In a word, they do not forget where they are or why they are there. And they are at this moment watching on the Western Front the preparations for the last great trial between terrorism and the human soul—the last fight of the free peoples against the great fear which has already withered all living things in so many lands. They are watching the gathering and growth of one great wave of war, which may have fallen like a fall of the heavens before these words are read.



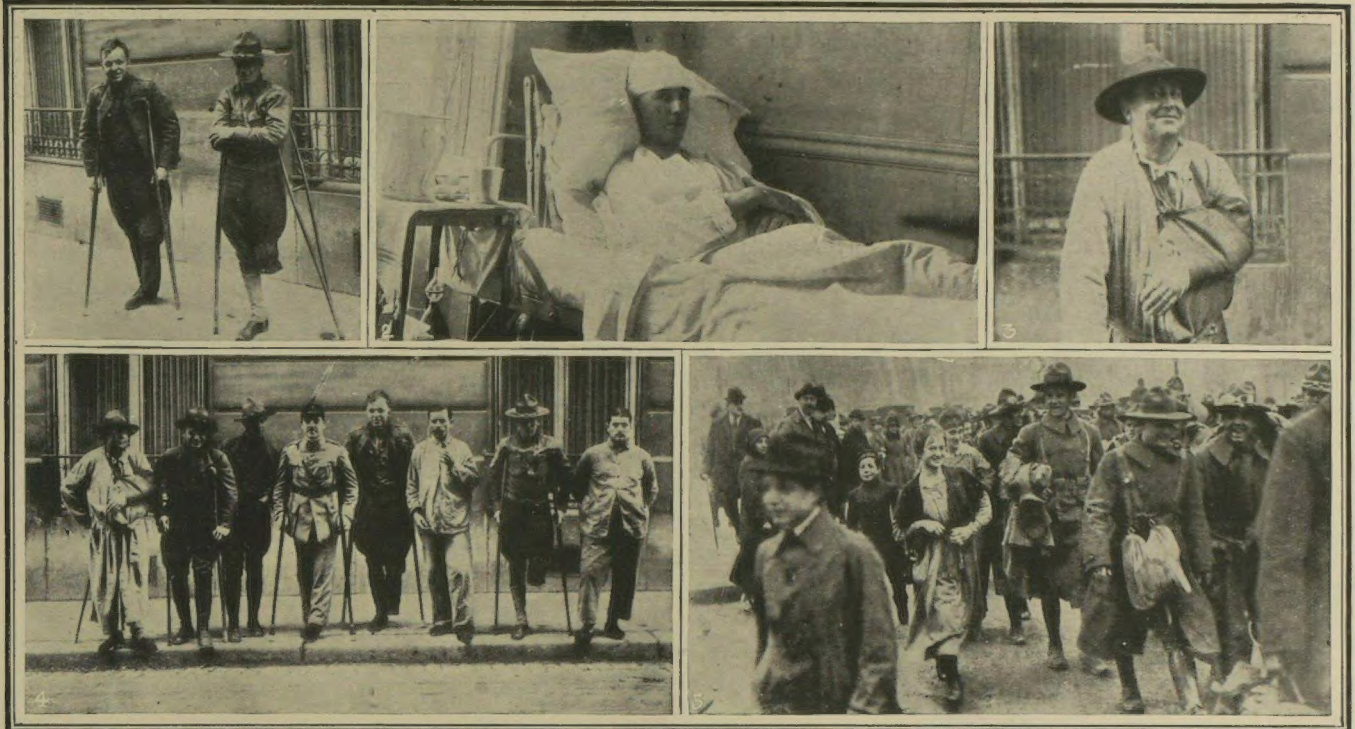
THE FALL OF JERICO: THE MODERN VILLAGE, ENTERED BY AUSTRALIAN CAVALRY ON FEBRUARY 21.

"On the morning of February 21," the War Office announced, "our forces operating east of Jerusalem resumed their advance towards Jericho. Little opposition was encountered, and at 8.20 a.m. Australian mounted troops entered the village." It lies about 1½ miles from the site of the ancient city.

Photograph by the American Colony, Jerusalem.

imagine him having recourse to such religious exercises as time and circumstances permit, as the spire of a village church passes rapidly across the field of vision. In short, he may well be allowed to beguile the time of what must necessarily be a tedious journey by fictions of every kind, from a day-dream to a detective story, from a magazine to a night-have-been. But I do say that if he seriously forgets that he is within the four corners of a railway carriage he ought to be within the four corners of a county asylum. And I should say the same of the man who apparently forgets that we are within the four corners of a great war; and that, in the admirable words of so pacifist an American as Mr. Bryan, the quickest way out of the war is straight through. If he recognises that these unaltered realities remain, he may very properly relieve his mere fatigue by fancy and speculation. He may regard the road of the Russian Revolution as a romantic path up which, if his engagements permitted him, he would like to ramble. He may even consider Monte Carlo a quiet country retreat in which he would like to end his days. It is possible that some ladies may have fallen in love at first sight with the features of Mr. Trotsky, flashing past them in the illustrated papers—though, from my own recollections, I think it improbable. It is possible that the mailed

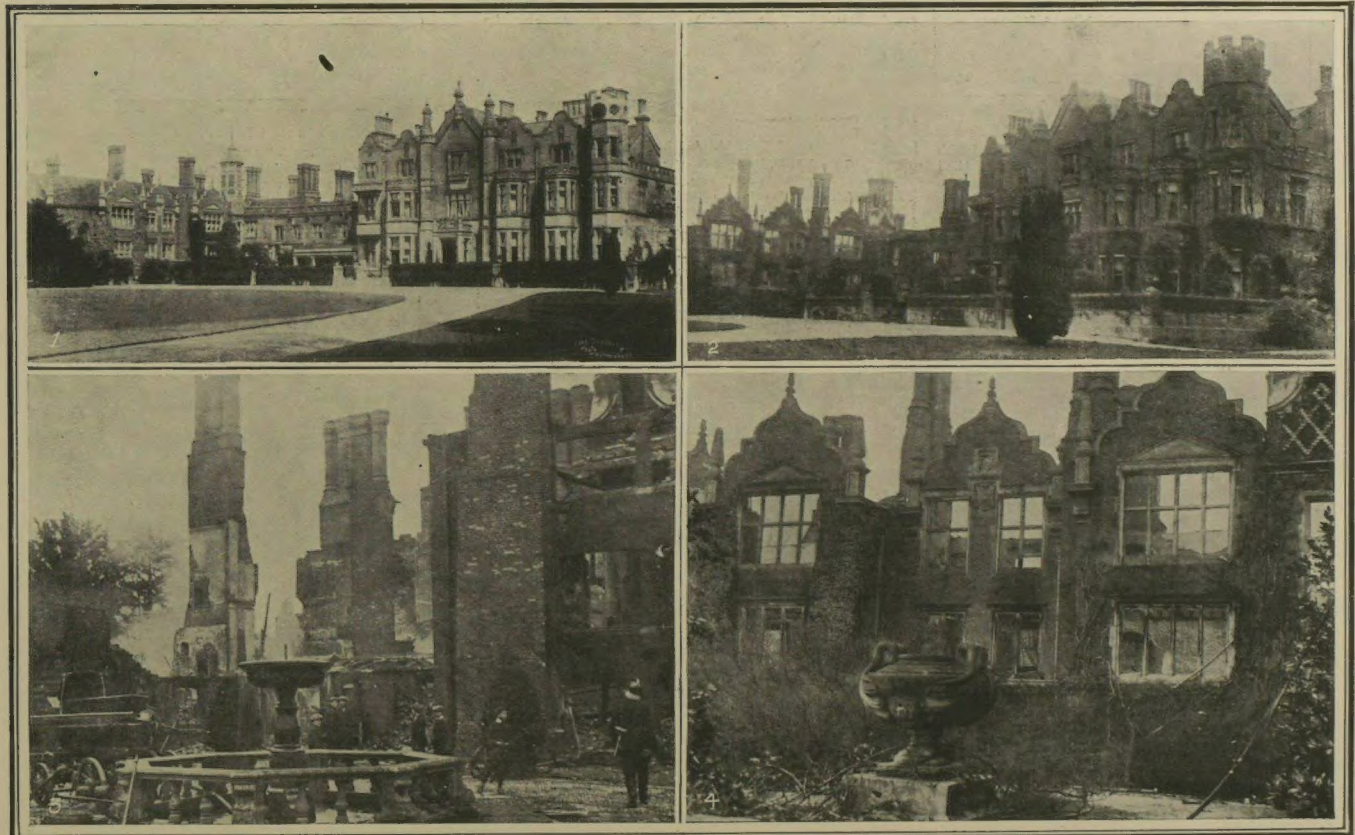
The U.S. Army in Action: Wounded; and Comrades for the Western Front.



1. WOUNDED AND CAPTURED BY THE GERMANS; FREED BY THE BRITISH: E. W. DARLAND, U.S. ARMY ENGINEERS. 2. WOUNDED WHILE WITH THE BRITISH ON THE WESTERN FRONT: GEORGE HENNER, ONE OF THE U.S. ENGINEERS. 3. ONE OF THE FIRST AMERICANS TO BE WOUNDED DURING RECENT FIGHTING: SMILING AND GETTING BETTER.
4. U.S. WOUNDED SOLDIERS WITH FRENCH COMRADES WHO ARE ALSO IN HOSPITAL: A SNAPSHOT OUTSIDE ONE OF THE WARDS. 5. POPULAR FAVOURITES IN THE FRENCH CAPITAL: U.S. SOLDIERS MARCHING TO ENTRAIN ON RETURNING FROM LEAVE.

These are the first photographs of American wounded that have reached England. In the first four are men of the American Engineer Corps who recently had a part in action with our troops on the Western Front.—[PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY C.N.]

Easton Lodge Fire: Ruins of the Earl and Countess of Warwick's Mansion.



1. AS IT WAS BEFORE THE RECENT DISASTROUS FIRE: FRONT VIEW OF EASTON LODGE, DUNMOW. 2. ON THE MORNING AFTER THE FIRE: THE SECTION OF THE MODERN PORTION SAVED: AND A BURNED-OUT BLOCK.
3. WHERE THE DESTRUCTION WAS COMPLETE: AMONG THE SMOULDERING RUINS OF THE OLDER TUDOR MANSION PORTION, DURING THE AFTERNOON. 4. THE BARE AND WINDOWLESS WALLS LEFT STANDING: THE GUTTED AND ROOFLESS WING OF THE BURNED-OUT TUDOR MANSION PORTION.

The fire at Easton Lodge, Dunmow, the Essex mansion of the Earl and Countess of Warwick, broke out at midnight on February 21, and was not got under for more than twelve hours. Most of the modern portion of the mansion was saved, but the older Tudor part, the ancient home of the Maynards, Lady Warwick's family, was destroyed,

together with a new block in one of the rooms of which Lady Warwick was sleeping. The Tudor block itself was the remains from the previous great fire in 1847. The Countess of Warwick escaped in a dressing-gown; and Lord Warwick, who is an invalid, was carried out from another part of the same block.—[PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY C.N.]

NAMES IN EVERYBODY'S MOUTH: MEN OF THE MOMENT.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BLOMFIELD, L.N.A., BASSANO, ELLIOTT AND FRY, SWAINE, C.N., LANGFIER, AND RUSSELL.



THE LATE EARL BRASSEY.

Earl Brassey, who died on February 23, was born in 1836. He was well known as a yachtsman, especially for his voyages in the "Sunbeam," and also as a student of Naval affairs and Labour questions. He established and maintained "The Naval Annual."



VISCOUNT NORTHCLIFFE.

Lord Northcliffe has been appointed Director of Propaganda in enemy countries. He will continue also to direct the activities of the London headquarters of the British War Mission to the U.S.A.



BRIGADIER-GENERAL E. L. ELLINGTON, C.M.G.

Brigadier-General Ellington has recently been appointed Director-General of Military Aeronautics. He went out to France with the old "Contemptibles" as a Captain in the R.F.A., and was mentioned in Lord French's first despatch. He has been awarded the Legion of Honour.



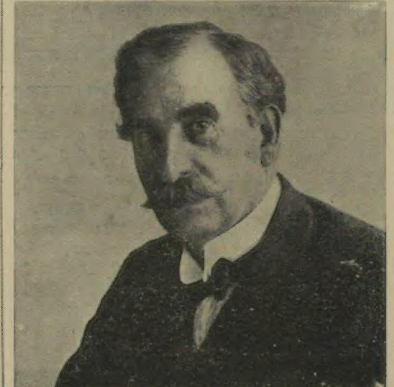
SIR RODERICK JONES, K.B.E.

Sir Roderick Jones, a Knight of the Order of the British Empire, has been appointed Deputy Director of Allied and Foreign Propaganda. He has been Head of Reuter's Agency since Baron de Reuter's death in 1915. He was formerly Reuter's agent in South and Central Africa.



GENERAL A. D. MACRAE, C.B.

General A. D. MacRae, Quartermaster-General of the Overseas Military Forces of Canada, has been appointed Director of Administration in the Ministry of Propaganda. He has served in the war since 1915, and previously had experience of banking, estate, and emigration work, and the timber trade.



MR. ROBERT DONALD.

Mr. Robert Donald, the well-known Editor of the London "Daily Chronicle," has been appointed Director of Propaganda in Neutral Countries. He has been doing very useful work, unofficially, since the war began. He is Managing-Director of United Newspapers, Ltd.



COLONEL JOHN BUCHAN.

Colonel John Buchan, hitherto Director of Information, has been appointed Director of Intelligence in the Ministry of Propaganda. He has been on the Staff in France, and has written vivid despatches, besides editing Nelson's "History of the War." He is the author of many books.



MR. HERBERT C. HOOVER.

Mr. Hoover, as Food Administrator for the United States, holds a position analogous to Lord Rhonda's, and their respective efforts are closely correlated. Mr. Hoover previously did a splendid work as Chairman of the Commission for Belgian Relief.



GENERAL SIR HENRY RAWLINSON, Bt.

General Rawlinson recently arrived at Versailles to begin his new duties as British Military Representative on the Allied War Council. He has done invaluable service, first as commander of the Fourth Corps in 1914 and 1915, and later, on the Somme, of the Fourth Army.

The very necessary work of making known throughout the world the principles and motives with which we and our Allies are fighting is being done vigorously. It consists simply of presenting the Allied case in a form which is interesting and informative. The head of the newly constituted Ministry of Propaganda is Lord Beaverbrook, Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, as mentioned in our issue of February 16,

where his portrait appeared. We have not been able to obtain a portrait of Sir William Jery, who is in charge of cinematograph propaganda in the new Ministry. The work of Mr. Hoover, the U.S. Food Controller, is of particular interest just now. We in this country have reason to be grateful to him and the Americans for regulating their food consumption so as to send us more.

TENDING THE GRAVES OF OUR HEROES: GARDENERS OF THE W.A.A.C.

DRAWN BY FRÉDÉRIC DE HAENEN AFTER OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHS.



AMONG "THE CLOUD OF WITNESSES TO FREEDOM": GARDENERS OF THE WOMEN'S ARMY AUXILIARY CORPS
TENDING BRITISH SOLDIERS' GRAVES IN FRANCE.

The duty of tending the graves in France and Flanders where rest our heroic dead is entrusted largely to women gardeners belonging to the W.A.A.C. The general charge of the cemeteries was placed about a year ago in the hands of an Imperial Commission, at the instance of the Prince of Wales, who became its President, having previously been President of a committee formed for the same purpose. The Prince has presided over a meeting of the Commission at the War Office. Its first meeting was held while he was at

the Front; and in a letter to Lord Derby he expressed his deep interest in the work, to be undertaken "with the single aim of ensuring that the resting-places of our soldiers and sailors shall always be reverently cared for and marked with permanent memorials worthy of the great cause for which they gave their lives." Mr. Rudyard Kipling said that every part of the Empire was represented "among the vast cloud of witnesses to freedom that lie on the Flanders front."—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

THE WORLD OF FLIGHT.

THE FIGHTING EQUIPMENT OF AEROPLANES.

By C. G. GREY,
Editor of "The Aeroplane."

THE idea that aeroplanes could fight each other in the air is even older than the practice of flying, as witness the threadbare Tennysonian tag about the "nations' airy navies" and the "central blue"; yet, strangely enough, although everybody knew they would fight, hardly any serious effort was made to equip aeroplanes with adequate weapons before the war. In the Balkan War, although both Turks and Bulgars used some few aeroplanes for scouting, they never met in combat. So far as one knows, the Germans, despite the number and excellence of their aeroplanes before the war, made no serious efforts to arm them. The French and British both made tentative experiments in that direction.

Presumably at this date most people know the difference between a "tractor" aeroplane and a "pusher"; but in case some readers do not, and because the difference between the two types enters somewhat frequently into this dissertation, it may be well to explain that in a "tractor" aeroplane the air-screw which moves the apparatus through the air is fixed at the nose of the body—or, in a twin-engined machine, both screws are in front of the engines and wings—and the machine is pulled along; whereas in a "pusher" the air-screw is fixed behind the body; or, in a twin-engined machine, both screws are behind the engines and wings—and the machine is pushed along.

Obviously, therefore, in a tractor machine the air-screw is in the way of any gun firing forward, whereas in a pusher there is a clear field of fire in front. Equally obviously, it is simpler to mount a gun on a pusher, on the assumption that the machine with the gun is to attack or chase another aeroplane. Unfortunately, class for class, a pusher aeroplane is always slower than a tractor—for reasons which there is no space to discuss at the moment. That is to say, a small tractor is faster than a small pusher of approximately the same size and horse-power, and a big tractor is faster than a big pusher.

So, when the question of arming aeroplanes arose, we found ourselves in a curious position—in which the machine which was easy to arm could not catch its intended victims. Nevertheless, purely for experimental purposes, to see what could be done in shooting from the air, guns of sorts were mounted on pusher aeroplanes.

During the first month or two of war there were no armed aeroplanes in use, and the rival aviators fought with all sorts of quaint weapons. Some carried automatic pistols, and some long-barrelled Colt revolvers. These were mostly the pilots of fast single-seat "scout" tractors. In the two-seater tractors, in which the pilot sat behind the passenger, the latter carried a rifle, and the pilot had to manoeuvre so that the rifleman could get a shot more or less broadside at his opponent without hitting his own air-screw in front or his wings sideways. A favourite manoeuvre was to get underneath an enemy machine, so that the passenger could fire up at it, over the top of the screw, and so that the enemy could not fire downwards. Some even tried the old-fashioned blunderbuss.

In one or two cases attempts were made to arrange for the passenger in a tractor machine to stand up and fire over the top of the circle made by the tips of the screw-blades; but it was found that the body of the man standing up offered so much resistance to

the air that the machine began to sink as soon as he stood up.

In practice, however, all these attempts were fairly futile, and very little execution was done on either side. Then some brilliant fellow discovered that, if one fired a bullet from a machine-gun straight through a wooden air-screw, it simply punched a clean hole through it and did no other harm. Also he worked

And in those days air-screws were scarcer than they are to-day, even in these times of timber-shortage and enormous demands.

So, to get over this trouble, a French mechanic bethought himself of fixing a hard steel plate on to each blade of an air-screw, in such a position and at such an angle that any bullet which was about to hit the blade would be caught and deflected by this plate.

The idea was good, and worked excellently, so far as the saving of air-screw blades was concerned. But the resistance of the deflector-plates to the air was such as to slow down the speed of the engine and so decrease its power, and therefore the speed of the aeroplane—which, of course, cancelled out all the benefits derived from the system.

Then came the great idea which saved the situation. Someone put into practical effect a half-joking suggestion made a couple of years earlier in print, and devised a simple gear mechanism which fired the machine-gun once for every three revolutions of the engine, and only fired it when none of the screw-blades was opposite the gun. In principle, the gear is as simple as that which arranges that a sparking-plug in a motor-car engine shall only spark once in two revolutions.

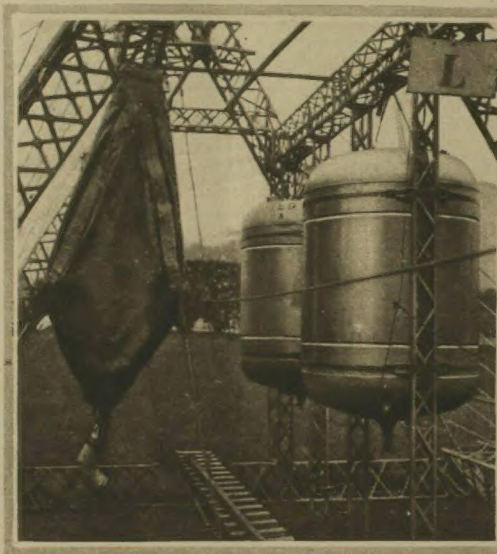
This settled the question, and in a comparatively short while every fast tractor machine intended for fighting carried a gun fixed on top of, or alongside, the engine, firing through the air-screw without hitting it. The two-seaters took to carrying also a gun at the back, and the seating arrangements were re-designed, so that the pilot now sits in front, aiming his fixed gun by moving the whole aeroplane so as to bring his sights to bear—or "wearing ship to suit," as Mr. Kipling describes the aiming of the gun in the immortal Judson's flat-iron gun-boat. The passenger now sits behind, and, with a machine-gun fixed on a pivot or on a movable ring, protects the tail of the machine from attack from above or from the rear.

Then the Germans—unoriginal, but quick to adopt, adapt, or improve a new idea—took to fitting two geared machine-guns, one on each side of the engine, fixed so that their fire converged at a point some thirty or forty yards ahead of the machine. The idea is that if a bullet from one gun misses the enemy's vital point, the other will probably get him. Also, as the two streams of bullets cross at the converging point and there diverge, if the pilot opens fire at long range he catches the enemy, as it were, in a forked stick, and must hit him sooner or later.

Others have since improved on this idea by fitting two fixed machine-guns in the body of the machine, and then mounting either one gun above on the upper plane, or two linked together in parallel, with a swivelling mount, so that they can be swung about to aim at an enemy above.

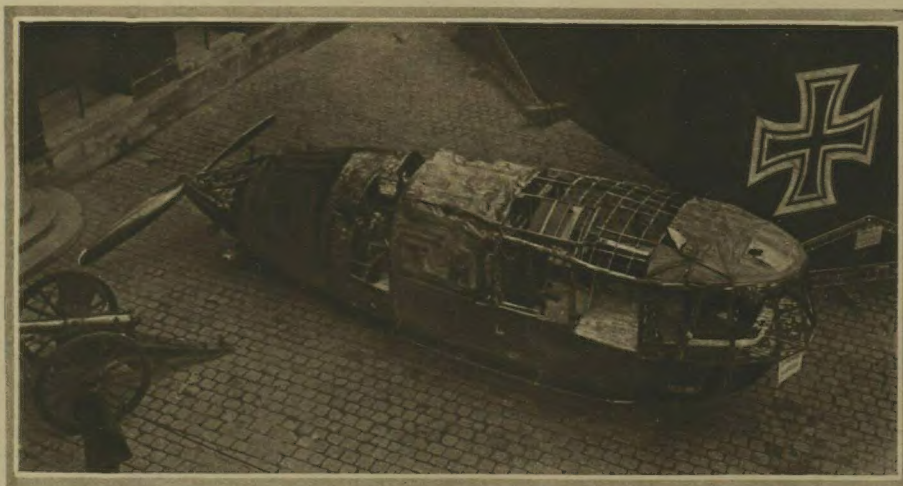
Practically all these guns are ordinary automatic machine-guns firing rifle ammunition; but the Germans use a certain number of special Spandau guns firing a heavy bullet nearly half an inch in diameter.

Taking it all round, the equipment of fighting aeroplanes is being very fairly successfully carried out, considering all the difficulties which the limitations of the machines themselves impose.



AT THE INVALIDES: PETROL-TANKS OF A WRECKED ZEPPELIN ON EXHIBITION.—[French Official Photograph.]

out that, as a screw revolves some 1200 times a minute, while a machine-gun fires about 400 times a minute, and as each blade of a screw is only about six inches wide, while the circle which is made by the part opposite the muzzle of a machine-gun fired on top of the engine of a tractor aeroplane would be about twelve feet in circumference, the chances were that, out of 100 rounds fired, not more than five or six bullets would hit either or both blades of the screw.



AT THE INVALIDES: WRECKAGE OF A ZEPPELIN ON EXHIBITION—THE COMMANDER'S CAR.
[French Official Photograph.]

Consequently, a number of fast monoplanes and tractor biplanes were fitted with Vickers-Maxim or Lewis machine-guns and went out to battle, punching holes in their air-screws as they went. They did quite considerable execution; but the trouble was that every time they came down from a fight the air-screws had to be changed, lest the blades should fly off where the holes had been punched if used again.

THE CAPTURED GERMAN AIRMAN AND THE STRANGLED GERMAN EAGLE.

DRAWN BY A FORESTIER FROM MATERIAL SUPPLIED BY AN EYE-WITNESS.



A CURIOUS INCIDENT ON THE WESTERN FRONT: A CAPTURED GERMAN AIRMAN FASCINATED WITH A FIGURE OF MARSHAL JOFFRE STRANGLING THE GERMAN EAGLE.

One afternoon a German Taube aeroplane fell into British hands near Laventie, and the captured pilot was placed in a room of a house occupied as a billet by some British officers in a certain village. By the merest chance the sole ornament on the mantelpiece happened to be a figure of Marshal Joffre gripping the neck of the German eagle with a strangle-hold, which could be altered into different attitudes by internal mechanism. One of the British officers, looking through the window to make sure that the prisoner was

not meditating escape, found him gazing at the figure in rapt fascination. For the space of eight minutes he regarded it intently, without moving a muscle. What his thoughts were it would have been worth more than the proverbial penny to discover. Perhaps he saw in it, as doubtless our readers will, a symbolic prophecy which is being gradually but inexorably fulfilled. Perhaps he compared the eagle's fate with the clipping of his own wings.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

THE KING'S RED CROSS GIFTS: PRINTS FROM THE ROYAL COLLECTION.



DAVID GARRICK AND MRS. CIBBER IN "VENICE PRESERVED": A MEZZOTINT BY MACARDELL AFTER ZOFFANY.



A SCENE FROM "SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER": "MR. AND MRS. HARDCASTLE, AND TONY LUMPKIN."



MARY ISABELLA DUCHESS OF RUTLAND: A LINE ENGRAVING BY SHERWIN AFTER SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.



GEORGINA, DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE: A STIPPLE BY H. MEYER, AFTER J. JACKSON.



JAMES HEWITT VISCOUNT LIFFORD: A MEZZOTINT BY DUNKARTON, AFTER SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.



CHARLES POWELL AND ROBERT BENSLEY AS KING JOHN AND HUBERT: FROM THE PICTURE BY J. H. MORTIMER.



THE INTERVIEW OF CHARLES I. WITH HIS CHILDREN BEFORE OLIVER CROMWELL: FROM THE PICTURE BY SAMUEL WOODFORDE.

His Majesty the King has presented a splendid set of 24 framed prints from his own collection, to be sold on behalf of the Red Cross Fund at the great art sale to be held by Messrs. Christie in April. In addition to those reproduced on this page, his Majesty's gift includes the following works: Mezzotint portraits of the Hon. Augustus Keppel, by Doughty after Sir Joshua Reynolds; George, Lord Edgcumbe, by Fisher, after Sir Joshua

Reynolds; Lord Churchill's two daughters, by I. Smith, after Lely; George Colman, by G. Marchi, after Sir Joshua Reynolds, and the Rev. William Mason, by William Doughty, after Reynolds; also a line engraving of Lord Heathfield, by Earlom, after Sir Joshua Reynolds; and a mezzotint of Parsons and Mundy, the actors, by W. Dickinson, after J. H. Mortimer.

FORCES THAT TOOK JERICHO: BRITISH TROOPS AND TANKS IN PALESTINE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY C.N.



AN INFANTRY ADVANCE IN PALESTINE: SCOTTISH TROOPS IN OPEN ORDER GOING INTO ACTION, EARLIER IN THE CAMPAIGN.



A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN FROM THE INSIDE OF A TANK, SHOWING PARTS OF THE LOOPHOLE: WELSH TROOPS IN ACTION IN PALESTINE.



MONSTERS NOT INDIGENOUS TO THE SOIL OF PALESTINE: A "HERD" OF BRITISH TANKS IN THE DESERT.

Although these photographs naturally do not illustrate the latest phases of the Palestine Campaign, in view of the time necessary for postal matter to reach this country, they are of interest as showing the conditions of fighting and the character of the terrain in the earlier battles. Our victorious troops, since advanced into a more mountainous region, have recently added to their successes the capture of Jericho, which took place,

as announced by General Allenby, on February 21. Two days later a further statement issued by the War Office said: "The enemy dislodged from the Jericho area have retired north of the Wadi Auja, on the left (northern) bank of which they have left posts on the high ground, and eastwards across the Jordan, on which they hold a bridge-head at El Ghoraniyeh."

CAVALRY ON THE MOVE ON THE WESTERN

DRAWN BY A. FORESTER FROM



AT 8 A.M. ON A GREY DAY: IN THE TRACK OF A

When—now many months ago—the Indian infantry regiments of the Indian Army Corps serving on the Western Front were withdrawn for operations in the field elsewhere, most of the Indian cavalry regiments remained. Some of the troopers, as it will be remembered, took part in the fighting round the Cambrai district during the battle on the Somme in the summer and autumn of 1916. In one costly cavalry-led attack at that time, in particular, of which Indian Lancers shared the honour with a Dragon Guard regiment, the Indians charged and got well home among the German infantry, who failed to stand up to them, and surrendered as the Indians got in among them. On many occasions during the past half-year the

FRONT: INDIAN SOWARS AND BRITISH TROOPERS.

MATERIAL SUPPLIED BY AN EYE-WITNESS.



BATTLE ON THE CAMBRAI SECTOR OF THE FRONT.

Indian cavalry have been brought up, together with the British cavalry, and massed close in rear of the battle-line, being poised in readiness to go forward after the infantry had broken through, wherever the ground in front of our attack offered possibilities for cavalry action. The hoped-for, and ardently longed-for, opportunity for cavalry fighting on any really extensive scale has not yet come on the Western Front. Nor is it, apparently, for the present to be expected until really open country can be reached beyond the lines and fortified works of the German belt of entrenchments which confront the Allies along the greater part of the Western Front. (Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.)

HEROISM THAT EVEN THEIR ANNALS CAN SCARCE SURPASS: GUARDSMEN SAVING A GUN AT CAMBRAI.

DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE FROM MATERIAL SUPPLIED BY AN EYE-WITNESS.



GUARDS RESCUING A GUN BY MAN-HAULING WITH TRACES FROM A GUN-TEAM, WHILE OTHER GUARDSMEN KEPT BACK THE ENEMY: A CRITICAL MOMENT.

The Guards were in the forefront of the Cambrai battle; in particular, during the second phase of the fighting. During the last day's desperate action at close quarters, when the German surprise irruption burst on one section of the British line, the Guards were brought up at speed from where they had been stationed to support another section of the line. By the dash of their almost incredible heroic counter-attacks at several points, they restored the situation in each locality. At one place they saved some of the imperilled guns of one of our advanced batteries in an exposed position. As the illustration depicts the episode, on the horses of the gun-teams being shot down, a number

of the Guardsmen dragged the guns back to safety by main force, while some of their comrades stemmed at the point of the bayonet the enemy's furious onset to seize the guns, and eventually beat the Germans back. "They were met," writes Mr. Philip Gibbs, describing one of the Guards' counter-attack—that at Gouzeaucourt—"by the fiercest machine-gun fire, but fought their way into the village and beyond it, driving out the enemy by a hard struggle at close quarters against snipers, machine-guns, and bodies of riflemen under cover of walls."—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

SCIENCE AND NATURAL HISTORY.



REPUTED AUTHOR OF FIVE HUNDRED WORDS: GEORGE THE ARABIAN ALCHEMIST (10th Century)



PURSUING THE REBELS: THE EGYPTIANS' BOOKS ON CHEMISTRY BURNED BY ORDER OF DIOCLETIAN



AUTHOR OF AN ENCYCLOPÆDIA ON MEDICINE: RHAZES, THE ARABIAN PHYSICIAN (10th Century)

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

STATE-PAID DOCTORS.

FOR some time a rumour has been current in the Medical Press that the setting up of the long-threatened Ministry of Health will be made the occasion to promulgate a great scheme by which the general practitioners throughout the country will be turned into officials paid by the State, and under the rule of the new Ministry. Details of this are necessarily lacking; but the rumour is too persistent to be entirely without foundation, and corresponds well enough with the many leanings towards State Socialism which our present rulers have displayed. It may, therefore, be well to examine as shortly as possible the arguments for and against such a measure.

In the first place, it may be conceded that when the war is happily over, some sort of State aid to the rank and file of the medical profession is, as they would themselves say, indicated. No class of the community has made greater and more willing sacrifices than they; none has worked harder and none has rendered more efficient services to the State. From the first, the great majority of doctors of military age—and a great number who were above it—volunteered for active service, and when accepted have not only ventured their lives as freely as any professional soldier, but have kept our fighting men in such splendid health that the losses from disease, in former wars as formidable as those in the field, have been almost negligible. Yet most of these brave men will come home to find their practices gone, their former patients transferred to others, and themselves under the necessity of starting their careers, but too often with impaired vitality and energy, all over again. Nor have those doctors who, from age or other sufficient causes, stayed at home earned any cause for envy. The absence on service of most of their richer patients, the increasing impoverishment of the middle and professional classes, and the increased expenses that the rise in the price of food—and of petrol—has entailed upon them, have all combined to reduce the value of their practices enormously. It may be doubted if any general practitioner in the kingdom is making half what he did before the war.

On the other hand, there are many reasons why the State relief which is thus due should not take any form which would alter the doctor's present relations with his patients. Before the war nearly all country

and many London practices were run on the old-fashioned principle of average, which, old-fashioned and illogical as it may have been, worked well, as did many other essentially English institutions. Those patients who were well enough off to consult a doctor for their less serious ailments paid fairly for their privilege; while their poorer fellows were attended by him for a minimum fee, which, at any rate, helped

body, this played no insignificant part in the cure. Are these relations likely to continue when the pleasant, friendly doctor is converted into a State official whose promotion and success will depend on his pleasing, not his patients, but his official superiors?

Candour compels us to acknowledge that they are not. During the war, the public has been treated to a drench of officialism which would have seemed impossible to the happy-go-lucky and freedom-loving Englishman of former times. Ministry after Ministry has been set up, each with its army of highly paid officials, its come-by-chance and cheaply remunerated clerks, and its mass of forms to produce which seems its chief occupation. Has the result been satisfactory? Leaving the older departments out of the question, have those set up to deal with Pensions, Labour, and Food yet proved their value to the taxpayer in efficient administration of the nation's assets? Or have any of them yet succeeded in producing any number of servants of the State in whom the majority of the nation feel confidence? If, as we believe, a plebiscite on these questions would result, in both cases, in a negative answer, what case is that for extending the method to the medical profession?



A NEW SUGGESTION FOR "THE DOGS OF WAR": A CANINE AMMUNITION-CARRIER'S EQUIPMENT EXHIBITED IN PARIS.

French Official Photograph.

him to increase his technical knowledge. The effect was to make him the friend of both high and low, to whom both classes looked for relief in their bodily troubles, and tempered his lot with a good deal of pleasant social intercourse. Hence his success, seldom

of a few experts of such commanding pre-eminence that they cannot be safely ignored, it is the most pushful and those who are most likely to be useful to their departmental chiefs politically or otherwise, rather than those whose only

qualification is hard work and a knowledge of their profession, who are likely to be successful. And another element is now entering into the competition. The number of medical women has necessarily increased enormously since the war. Some of these have undoubtedly won their spurs by hard work and intelligence; but in the nature of things, this cannot be the case with all. Yet in many, if not most of these cases, they can command personal or social or political influence which will give them great advantages over the male competitors when appointments come to be made. Neither patients nor doctors can, therefore, look with equanimity on the proposal to turn medical men into State officials.

F. L.



PEAT AS FUEL FOR THE FRENCH ARMY: WORK IN PROGRESS ON A PEAT-FIELD IN ALSACE.

Photograph by Schreiner.

very great in a pecuniary point of view, largely depended on the cultivation of a good "bedside manner"; and, as the mind reacts largely on the

A SUBSTITUTE FOR COAL: PEAT FUEL FOR FRENCH FIELD-KITCHENS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY A. SCHREINER.



GERMAN PRISONERS EMPLOYED IN A FRENCH PEAT-FIELD: WORKING A PUMP TO EXTRACT MOISTURE.



AT A FRENCH PEAT-FIELD IN HAUTE SAÔNE: GERMAN PRISONERS AT WORK CARRYING LOADS OF CUT CLODS.



GERMAN PRISONERS CUTTING PEAT FOR THE FRENCH ARMY: WORK AT A PEAT-FIELD IN HAUTE SAÔNE.



MAKING COAL OUT OF PEAT: A PEAT-STACK IN FRANCE UNDERGOING A CARBONISING PROCESS.



FRENCH WOMEN EMPLOYED IN CUTTING PEAT FOR FUEL: WORKERS OF THE FRENCH LAND ARMY.



THE PREPARATION OF PEAT FOR FUEL: COVERED STANDS FOR DRYING THE CUT CLODS IN FRANCE.

Since the great demand for fuel for war-like purposes has necessitated economy in the use of coal and wood, the value of peat has been recognised. The French Army, after testing it as fuel for field-kitchens, has established several peat-fields in the war-zone, in Alsace, the Vosges, the Jura, and Haute Saône. Women work in some of the peat-fields of Alsace, while in others troops back from the trenches are employed. The main source of labour, however, is furnished by German prisoners of war, who cut the peat

out in clods with a sort of flat spade with rectangular sides, and remove it on trucks and wheel-barrow, or trays shaped somewhat like stretchers. When the ground slopes sufficiently, the water in the turf can be drawn off by drainage trenches; but where this is impossible, it is partially dried by pumps, and afterwards stacked in the open air in covered shelves. Some of the peat is also subjected to a carbonising process, when it yields various by-products, such as gas, tar, and ammonia.

"NEITHER SHADOW OF TURNING": THE STRAIGHT ROAD TO VICTORY.

FROM THE EXHIBITION OF PICTURES BY C. R. W. NEVINSON, ONE OF THE OFFICIAL ARTISTS ON THE WESTERN FRONT; ON VIEW AT THE LEICESTER GALLERIES, LEICESTER SQUARE.



"THE ROAD FROM ARRAS TO BAPAUME": AN ARTIST'S IMPRESSION OF A TYPICAL FRENCH HIGHWAY UNDER MILITARY CONDITIONS ON THE WESTERN FRONT.

Continued

the human activity and to record the prodigious organisation of our Army which was so overwhelming to me, especially as contrasted with the period I remembered on the Belgian front, 1914-15. All of my work had to be done from the most rapid shorthand sketches, and often under trying conditions in the front line, behind the lines, above the lines in observation-balloons, over the lines in aeroplanes, and beyond them to the country at present held by the enemy. I relied chiefly on memory, a method I learnt as a student

in Paris and for which I am ever grateful, as Nature is far too confusing and anarchic to be merely copied on the spot. Though the followers of the 'Plain Art' school always laid great stress on working directly from Nature, their work is none the less pure invention marred by all manner of Nature's accessories. An artist's business is to create, not to copy or abstract, and this can only be done when, after close and continuous observation . . . visual knowledge of realities is used emotionally and mentally."

WAR REALISM BY A FORMER FUTURIST: THE NEVINSON EXHIBITION.

FROM THE EXHIBITION OF PICTURES BY C. K. W. NEVINSON, ONE OF THE OFFICIAL ARTISTS ON THE WESTERN FRONT; ON VIEW AT THE LEICESTER GALLERIES, LEICESTER SQUARE.



"VERY LIGHTS AT FAMPOUX."



"LOOKING DOWN ON THE LEAVE BOAT AT THE QUAY."



"INSIDE BRIGADE HEADQUARTERS."



"OUTSIDE BRIGADE HEADQUARTERS."

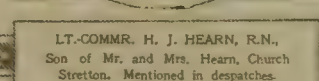
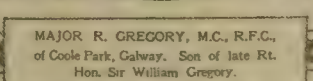
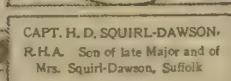
Mr. C. K. W. Nevinson, one of the official war-artists on the Western Front, is holding an Exhibition of his war-drawings at the Leicester Galleries, which it was arranged should open on March 2. He is a son of the well-known writer Mr. H. W. Nevinson. Mr. Nevinson was one of eighteen artists who last year held an Exhibition called "Britain's Efforts and Ideals in the Great War," at the Fine Art Society's galleries. He has also done work for the Canadian War Records. His new exhibition comprises 71 works,

several of which, including "The Road from Arras to Bapaume," reproduced here, have been purchased by the Trustees of the Imperial War Museum. In a vigorous preface to his catalogue, explaining his own artistic ideals and methods, and incidentally pouring scorn on various humdrum institutions, such as journalism, universities, and public schools, Mr. Nevinson writes: "This Exhibition differs entirely from my last, in which I dealt largely with the horrors of war as a motive. I have now attempted to synthesise all

(Continued opposite.)

FOR KING AND COUNTRY: OFFICERS ON THE ROLL OF HONOUR.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BROOKS, CHANDLER, RUSSELL, RIDER, KATHURAN COLLINGS, ILLUSTRATIONS BUREAU, HILL, LAVATTE, HERSFORD, JARMAN, AND MALCOLM ARBUTHNOT.

CAPT. W. W. MORRICE,
Wills Regt. Son of Canon and
Mrs. Morrice, Salisbury.CAPT. H. G. REEVES, R.F.C.
Son of Mr. Reeves, Brackwell. Capt.
Fullard's companion in many fights.CAPT. VICTOR E. HILL, K.R.R.
Son of Mr. George Baillie Hill,
Beech Lanes, Birmingham.LIEUT. LEONARD M. BARLOW
M.C., R.F.C. Killed in flying accident.
Aged 19. Had a fine record.CAPT. P. D. BOOTH, D.S.O.,
M.C., R.F.A. Son of Mr. Booth,
Middletown. Mentioned despatches.CAPT. C. K. MEREWETHER,
Wills Regt. Son of Rev. W. A. S.
Merewether, Salisbury.CAPT. HON. H. A. V. HARMS-
WORTH, M.C.,
Irish Guards. Son of Lord
Rothermere and nephew of
Viscount Northcliffe.COMMR. DAVID DE B.
STOCKS, D.S.O., R.N.
Son of Mr. J. W. Stocks, of
Park Langley, Beckenham.
Drowned at sea.CAPT. R. G. McDONALD, M.C.
North. Fus. Son of Mr. and Mrs.
R. McDonald, of Linthorpe.LT.-COMMR. A. A. FENNER,
R.N. Son of Dr. R. Fenner,
Spanish Place, Manchester Sq., W.REV. W. J. HARD-
ING, M.A., M.C.,
Chaplain R.N.D.,
Drake Battalion.
Reported as having
been killed while
stretching-bearing.LIEUT. RALPH E. SNOOK,
R.N. Son of the late F. W., and
Mrs. Snook, Nottingham.LIEUT. G. H. C. CROSSFIELD,
Rifle Brigade. Officially reported
as having been killed in action.LT.-COMMR. H. J. HEARN, R.N.,
Son of Mr. and Mrs. Hearn, Church
Stretton. Mentioned in despatches.MAJOR R. GREGORY, M.C., R.F.C.,
of Coole Park, Galway. Son of late Rt.
Hon. Sir William Gregory.CAPT. H. D. SQUIRL-DAWSON,
R.F.A. Son of late Major and of
Mrs. Squirldawson, Suffolk.2ND LIEUT. H. P. WALTON,
Yorks Regt. Son of Mr. and Mrs.
J. Herbert Walton, Cape Town.LIEUT. T. A. REGINALD MILLS,
Notts and Derby Regt. Son of Mr.
W. A. Mills, Overdale Road, Derby.LT. VERNON CASTLE, R.F.C.,
Killed flying at Texas. The very
popular and famous dancer.2ND LIEUT. H. H. LISTER,
R. Warwick Regt. Son of Mr. and Mrs.
H. L. Lister, Clifton Road, Rugby.2ND LT. G. G. JOHNSTONE,
R.F.C. Officially reported as being
killed on active service.

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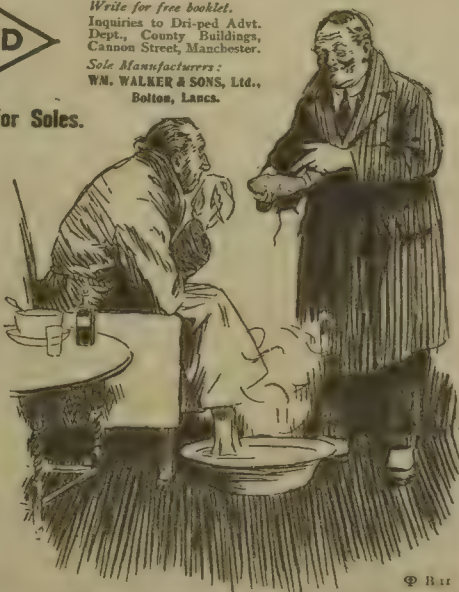


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LITERATURE.

"Political Portraits." Mr. Charles Whibley's "Political Portraits" (Macmillan) is a skilful blend of historical biography and political theory, ranging over many centuries and several European nations. His fifteen chapters, placed in order of period,

are, and will ever be, the epic of our race," he aptly recalls Portia's description of her German suitor, of whom she thought "very vilely in the morning, when he is sober, and most vilely in the afternoon, when he is drunk"; and Germany's preposterous claim to the racial ownership of our national poet is duly ridiculed. "Shakespeare's priceless folio," he finely says, "is a tabernacle which must not be touched by hostile undiscerning hands." He makes no secret of his own political views, writing throughout as a Tory, Unionist, and Imperialist, with a frank hatred of demagoguery and all its works. But he is no white-washer of incompetence or wrongdoing in high places: he scourges the Duke of Newcastle with as much zest as he extols the Duke of Devonshire; and he brands alike the tyrannous egoism of Napoleon and the ineffectual dreaming of that

rather technical introduction; there are some interesting reproductions of the diary and code that were found in Casement's possession. From a close study of the report of the trial, the average man who has no prejudices or prepossessions to cloud his proper patriotism is likely to arrive at two conclusions. The first is that Roger Casement was a traitor to the country he had served well and honourably for over twenty years and that his fate was well deserved; the second conclusion is that Casement was at heart a patriotic Irishman, however misguided, and thought that the country of his birth had the final claim upon him. That he gave up a high position, together with the esteem and regard of thousands, to conduct a forlorn hope that was nearly certain to lead to disgrace and death; that he was convinced of the justice of the cause he had taken to heart—this also is true; and in the end we are left wondering, in order to reconcile the contradictions, whether long residence in unhealthy climates had not affected his brain. At the same time, it is hard to blame the authorities for refusing to grant the eloquently worded and closely reasoned petitions for a reprieve. Roger Casement had played the traitor, and had endeavoured to seduce simple men from their allegiance. That he had to die for his crime was inevitable; but it is legitimate to



WITH THE SERBIAN BOY SCOUTS: SWORD PRACTICE.—[Photograph by C.N.]

are devoted respectively to Wolsey, Shakespeare, Clarendon, Burnet, the Duke of Newcastle, Frederick the Great, Fox, Alexander I. of Russia, Talleyrand, Metternich, Napoleon, Lord Melbourne, Sir James Graham, a group of Corn Law reformers, and the late Duke of Devonshire. But these are by no means all his "sitters," for each is rather the central figure of a group in which numerous subsidiary figures appear. Thus, in the chapter on Frederick the Great, "the Crowned Philosopher," we meet his long-suffering Boswell, Henri de Catt, and his British eulogist, the Sage of Chelsea. "Carlyle," says Mr. Whibley, "preached the gospel of the Super-man many years before Nietzsche, and did his best to prepare for the doctrine of Pan-Germanism, which came near to destroying the civilisation of Europe. And Carlyle did the world a greater disservice than this. Having misunderstood Germany, he misunderstood France also. . . . He preached assiduously to Frederick's text that the deeds of Germans are always justified, and he must carry to the end of time his share in the burden of responsibility for the greatest war the world ever saw." Mr. Whibley loses no chance of exposing the historic brutality of the Teuton, from the time of Wolsey onwards. In the notable essay on Shakespeare, Tory, patriot, and gentleman, whose "histories

"vague Hamlet" of Russia, Alexander I. His portrait-gallery reveals shrewd insight, compactly and incisively expressed, and deserves a visit from all interested in European history.

"Notable English Trials."

With those who wish to understand the conditions and restrictions under which our criminal law works to its appointed ends, "Notable English Trials" (William Hodge) is a series that may be popular. The latest

volume has, perhaps, for the general reader a wider appeal than many of its predecessors can be expected to possess, for it gives a verbatim account of the trial for high treason of Sir Roger Casement. The report is edited by Mr. J. H. Knott, of the Middle Temple, who contributes a brief preface and a lengthy and



WITH THE SERBIAN BOY SCOUTS: BOXING.—[Photograph by C.N.]

express a deep regret that one who had striven so nobly for the right in the earlier days should have ended his career by forgetting all he owed to a country that had at least treated him generously in the season of its prosperity, and was now struggling for life with a savage and implacable foe.

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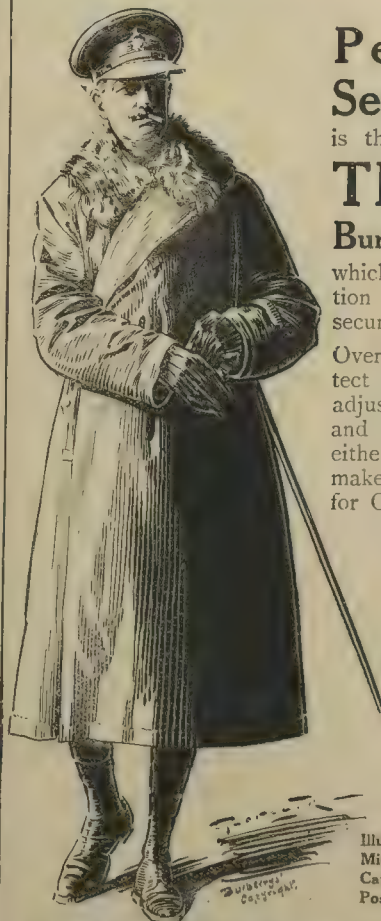
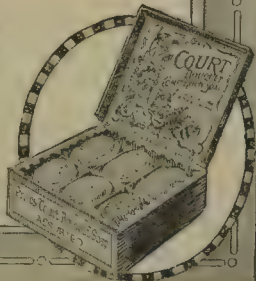
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ROCK SCONES. Mix $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of Flour with a tablespoonful of Sugar, half a teaspoonful of Salt and a level dessertspoonful of Goodall's Egg Powder. Rub in 4 ozs. of Fat and just bind the mixture with Milk, not making it too soft. Place on a greased tin in little rough heaps and bake in a quick oven 15 minutes. Split open while hot and spread with butter.

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PRIME MINISTERS' WIVES.

"WIVES of the Prime Ministers" (1831-1906), by Elizabeth Lee (Nisbet), is a book of sound merit. As a biography, it contains valuable new material (notably extracts from Mrs. Gladstone's diaries),



AT LE PUY IN FRANCE, WHERE THE POLISH LEGION HAS ITS HEADQUARTERS COLONEL DE RAUCOURT DELIVERING AN ADDRESS TO THE CORPS.
The Polish Legion had been in process of formation in France for some time. Its numbers constantly increase, volunteers from America and elsewhere joining as opportunity serves.
French Official Photograph.

handled with skill, and what is old in the volume can well bear re-telling. The subjects are: Lady Caroline Lamb, Lady Peel, Lady John Russell, Lady Palmerston, Mrs. Disraeli, Mrs. Gladstone, Lady Salisbury, and Lady Campbell-Bannerman. The last two sketches are by Mrs. C. F. G. Masterman. Lady Caroline Lamb did not live to see her husband's, Lord Melbourne's, period of office, but it was right to include her portrait in the collection. The facts of her bizarre career have never been focussed before, although they are reflected, at one remove, in Mrs. Humphry Ward's "Marriage of William Ashe." The impression of the biography is, however, not exactly that of the novel, although the fictitious picture is well enough supported by that of fact. Lady Caroline lived too soon. In London of the late 'eighties and early 'nineties of last century, she would have been at home, and certain literary coteries of that period would have adored her. Her own prime epoch did not know what to make of her, and accentuated her touch of eccentricity. She was a fish out of water. Interesting as she is, she is the smallest figure in the book, as Lady Palmerston is the

greatest. There Miss Lee restores the figure of the great political hostess in *excellent*. The period is admirably suggested: the characteristic of the society in the days when it was composed of some five hundred privileged persons and the tone, which Lady Palmerston and Lady Jersey ruled at Almack's, and Lady Jersey sent even the Iron Duke away from the door, because he broke the rule of perfect punctuality. This is a farewell glimpse of the "governing classes." Yet the political influence and power of Prime Ministers' wives was an ambiguous quantity. It was undeniable, but in its greatest hour the ladies of this book knew far less, technically, about politics than women politicians do nowadays. They helped their husbands chiefly by their woman's wit and instinct for the right thing to do. High state-craft does not appear. But they could hold their tongues—no small part of statecraft! For charm,

Lady John Russell and Lady Palmerston divide the honours: for cleverness, Lady Salisbury is, perhaps pre-eminent; Mrs. Gladstone for a rich and noble humanity; Mrs. Disraeli for devotion mingled with amiable oddity. Had Lady Campbell-Bannerman's health allowed, she would have been better appreciated. She alone was the modern instructed political woman, the thorough partisan, the M.P. in petticoats. In some of the characteristics of the wonderful women of an earlier day she was lacking, but she over-topped them all in mental fitness for her position—one had almost said, her office. This is a fascinating, enjoyable book, full of implicit hints to enfranchised womankind. The choice of illustrations deserves a large note of praise, in particular for Swinton's bewitching Lady Palmerston and Sir W. B. Richmond's expository portrait of Lady Salisbury.

Two books of reference of great value and interest to Roman Catholics are "The Catholic Directory" and "The Catholic Who's Who and Year-Book," the latter founded

by Sir F. C. Burnand. The new editions of these useful works for the present year, published by Messrs. Burns and Oates, Oxford Street, W., have now been on sale for some time. The Directory gives particulars of the Catholic priesthood, churches and schools, with a map of England showing the Catholic provinces, dioceses, and places where there are Catholic churches. The "Catholic Who's Who" contains, besides the list of biographies forming the bulk of the book, a guide to schools, religious societies, homes, hospitals, orphanages, and nursing institutions. The Catholic Roll of Honour, previously included, is to be continued and issued separately at the end of the war.

The Government deserves the thanks of the public for the new Information Bureaux—attractive kiosks at the great stores, in the offices of newspapers, in big banks and insurance offices, at stations, hotels, and prominent business establishments for the display of the various appeals made by the War Aims Committee, Ministry of National Service, Ministry of Food, Ministry of Pensions, Ministry of Labour, and War Savings Committee. These Bureaux will



AT LE PUY IN FRANCE WHERE THE POLISH LEGION HAS ITS HEADQUARTERS: THE CORPS MARCHING PAST AFTER BEING ADDRESSED ON PARADE BY COLONEL DE RAUCOURT.

Colonel de Raucourt's address to the Polish Contingent was translated to the men on parade by Lieutenant Kardek, of the Corps, and after that the men marched past. All wear, as seen, the Polish national cap, the Schapka, which is worn also, as adopted from the Polish lancers of old, by the Lancer regiments in all armies.—[*French Official Photograph.*]

be a kind of "Inquire Within" upon everything connected with the war. Mr. H. Simonis is Honorary Director and Organiser, and Mr. K. J. Thomas, Hon. Sec., will assist him.

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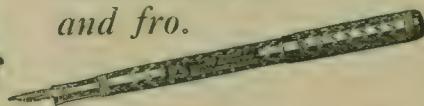
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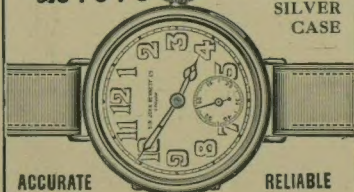
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CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, Miford Lane, Strand, W.C.

T KING-PARKS (Manchester).—Thanks for further contributions, which look very promising.

C C HOADLEY (Heddon).—There are several games in existence such as you describe, but at the moment we cannot furnish you with particulars.

SH HOLLAND (R.F.C.).—Your description of the position is not clear. Please send it on a diagram.

J PAUL TAYLOR and A M SPARKE.—Problems to hand, with many thanks.

CHESS IN LONDON.

Game played at the City of London Chess Club, between Messrs. E G SERGEANT and G E WAINWRIGHT.

(Irregular Opening.)

WHITE (Mr. S.) BLACK (Mr. W.)
1. P to K 4th Kt to Q B 3rd
2. P to Q 4th P to K 4th
3. P takes P
Kt to K B 3rd, turning the game into a regular Scotch opening, would have been far sounder.
4. P to K B 4th Kt takes P
5. B to K 3rd Kt to B 3rd
6. P to K 5th
Both sides are out for adventures, and the game already is out of the beaten track.
7. Q to Q 5th Kt to K 3th
8. B to B 4th P to K B 4th
9. Kt to K B 3rd P to Q Kt 3rd

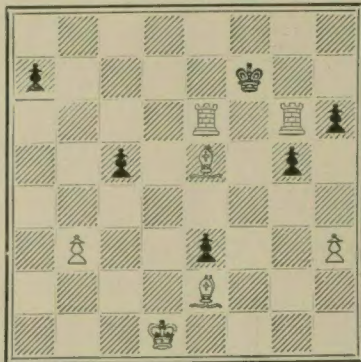
Black's game is cramped and undeveloped, but now, in anticipation of the next move, he evolves a clever combination to secure freedom.

CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3661 received from E Khan (Kazvin, Persia); of No. 3774 from R F Morris Sherbrook (Canada), Esperantisto (Angers), Ethel W Corbett (Portland, Oregon); of No. 3775 from Esperantisto, J A Barron (Stratford, Canada), and J C Gardner (Toronto); of No. 3776 from Capt. Challice (Great Yarmouth), T W Knight (Amersham), Jacob Verrall (Rodenell), Esperantisto, and J Isaacson (Liverpool); of No. 3778 from J C Gemmell (Campbelltown), A W Hamilton-Gell (Exeter),

B Killet, F Drakeford (Brampton), Rev. J Christie (Birlingham), H Grasset Baldwin (Farnham) Captain Challice, J Verrall, and N R Dharmavir (Padham).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3779 received from G Sorrie (Stonehaven), Major Deykin (Birmingham), J Christie, M E Onslow (Bournemouth), F Drakeford, H Grasset Baldwin, A N Nesbitt (Glasgow), N R Dharmavir, J Fowler, J S Fortes (Brighton), A H Arthur (Bath), J C Stackhouse (Torquay), A W Hamilton-Gell, T F Lawson, R M Muns (Nantwich), and H S James (Neath).

PROBLEM No. 3780.—By H. F. L. MEYER.
BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3778.—By H. F. L. MEYER.

WHITE BLACK
1. Q to R 7th P to K 6th
2. Q to K 4th (ch) K takes Q
3. Kt to B 3rd (mat)

If Black play 1. K takes Kt, 2. P to B 4th; and if 1. B to 5 Bth, then 2. Q to B 5th, and 3. Q mates.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

"THE LILAC DOMINO." AT THE EMPIRE.

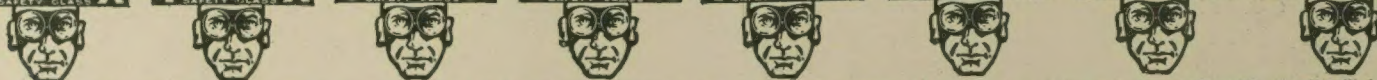
SO delightfully fresh and melodious is the music, so dainty and poetically treated is its setting, so happy has the Empire management been in the choice of its two leading interpreters—real singers and artists both—that the fact that the libretto is not much more than commonplace at the best, and is often enough quite amateurish, matters less in the case of "The Lilac Domino" than it would in a comic opera with a score of inferior quality. As it is, the story of the high-spirited schoolgirl who pursues recklessly her dream of love at a ball not intended for her type, in a garden by the southern sea of Florida, passes muster partly because the scenes in sunshine or within sound of the waves make a beautiful background, and still more because every musical number sung has charm, and every illustrative passage from the orchestra reveals a musician's craftsmanship. Two composers have had a hand in the work—Mr. Cuvillier, who is serving France in the trenches, and Mr. Howard Carr, who has supplied additions that harmonise with his colleague's graceful inspirations, and also wields the bâton at the Empire. The conductor might have taken an encore for every item in the score; certainly the first day's audience wanted every item in which the heroine had a share repeated. But then what a heroine it was, in the person of Miss Clara Butterworth! From her we get not only perfect and bird-like vocalisation; but also an embodiment of youth in its gayest and most exalted phase. And to partner her representation of girlhood in love, we have from Mr. Jamieson Dods an equally taking portrait of fervent manliness. The couple make a happy match in song; while, in relief to the sentiment, Mr. Frank Lalor and others do their best to eke out the tale's rather thin supply of humour.

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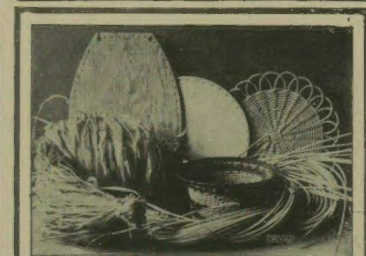
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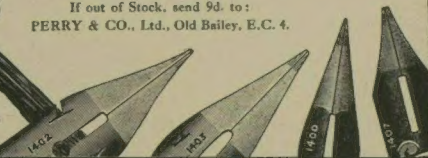
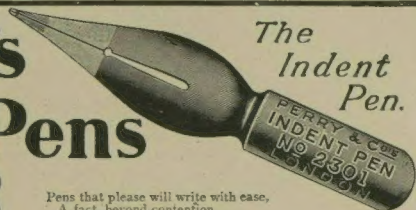
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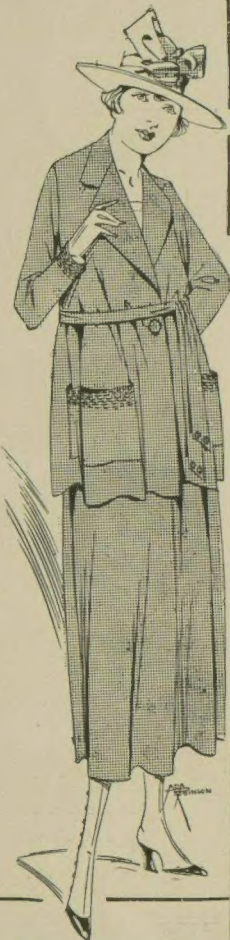
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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

The Price of Petrol.

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at the source. If there were not such reasons, it would certainly be better to deal by legislation, or under the Defence of the Realm Act, with the prices charged by the ring, which are out of all proportion higher than is necessary for the making of a fair commercial profit, even after taking into consideration war risks and consequent high cost of freight and insurance. It is quite impossible to think or write about this matter of ring-controlled petrol prices without at the same time getting on to the question of home-produced fuel and its possibilities for after the war. I am afraid I am not very sanguine about the prospects for some time to come. There will, of course, be a great deal more benzol produced than there was before the war; but I doubt if the increased amount will bring production up to a figure which will have any real effect on petrol. It is absolutely certain that when the war comes to an end we shall find that we have become motorised out of all knowledge. There will be a tremendous flow of transport to the highways, partly because the war has taught us the value of motor transport as nothing else could have done in the time, and partly because of the huge number of motor vehicles which will pass from war service to more peaceful pursuits. The increase will probably be more than sufficient to leave the benzol position about as it was in 1914. Beyond this, there does not seem to be anything in sight for the present. True, interest is being taken in the shale deposits and their possibilities for the production of motor fuel; but there is no present activity in development work—which, in any case, will take time to perfect. Of the discovery of oil-fields in Britain there seems no present probability, so that, taking one thing with another, it seems reasonably certain that we shall, when motoring starts again after the war, be in precisely the position we were in 1914—dependent upon overseas sources of fuel-supply for nine-tenths of our requirements, and still in the hands of a combine whose first article of faith, as stated by the chairman of the largest of the "ring" concerns, is that the market price of petrol is "what you can get for it."



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rather good country for the motorist. Even now there are no restrictions on petrol, which is procurable everywhere; and it does not look as though the Canadian motorist went in any fear of a curtailment of his activities, for I have seen it stated recently that it is estimated there will be no fewer than 100,000 new cars purchased this year. If this estimate does not prove too sanguine, it will mean that motoring in Canada will manifest just about five times the activity it did in 1914, when 22,070 new cars were registered in the Dominion.

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